

# JEAN ELIOT'S WEEKLY CHRONICLE OF CAPITAL SOCIETY

## Capital Jogging Gayly Through Lenten Season

WASHINGTON is jogging merrily through this latter half of Lent, without, to be sure, any seasonally big parties in prospect until after Easter, but with, on the whole, "plenty doing." The overflowing social calendar at this time of the year, when things might reasonably be expected to be a bit dull, but emphasizes what the whole season has been proving—that Washington society, even though it is "largely official," can get along very well without its accustomed official leaders. For it has really been a brilliant season without the White House—and the brilliancy seems to be shedding a very comfortable afterglow—without the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, without the Speaker and Mrs. Gillett, and with the Cabinet all shot to pieces, and the Diplomatic Corps with an unusual number of ambassadors and ministers who are still waiting for the President to get ready to receive them.

There is every reason to believe that that period of waiting is very nearly over, for the President seems to be getting around slowly to the semi-official "human intercourse" side of his job. He used to be rather given to having people with whom he wanted to talk over some phase of public affairs in a friendly spirit, in to lunch with him informally. So that Washington heard with undisguised interest and satisfaction, as additional evidence that he was really "coming back," that Charles T. Crane, recently nominated United States minister to China, had lunched informally with the President on Monday.

And by the same token, it heard with almost equal pleasure that the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate had reported Mr. Crane's nomination favorably and that he was likely to be confirmed without further ado. For without reference to the merits of the case, Washington at least is heartily tired of the unending squabbling and recrimination that seems to be effectually bar anything being accomplished "up on the hill." It doesn't get anywhere!

### May Shatter Former Diplomatic Customs

There is considerable curiosity as to just how the President will receive the waiting diplomats when he does receive them. There has been a rumor that he would cut red tape and receive them all in a bunch—thereby shattering another cherished precedent of diplomatic usage. It is rather difficult to see how he could convincingly assure each one that the welfare of his particular country lay nearer to Uncle Sam's heart than any one thing else with half a dozen others listening in—and awaiting their turn for similar assurances and exchange of compliments.

Certain it is that the White House seems to be emerging from the social eclipse, which has resulted from the President's illness. Miss Margaret Wilson appeared at the two big parties of last week—the Czechoslovak reception and the Southern Society's reception to General Pershing—where, indeed, she took her place up next to the honor guest in the receiving line. And mark my words: that thing any one knows the White House will be

kept busy denying rumors that those two are engaged. Oh, no, indeed—so far as I know there is absolutely no occasion for such a report. But Washington has a very keen sense of humor—sometimes one thinks it about the only sort of sense it has—and it has been trying hard for years to get Miss Wilson married off, to say nothing of General Pershing. You know he wrote a friend here while he was still in France that Dame Rumor had connected his name with at least thirty of the fair sex over there, and at least twenty-five of them widows. And there have been several added to the roll since his return—so that now his friends are not surprised when they start to ask him some question nowadays to have him ask at once whom he's reported engaged to now.

Mrs. Wilson was present at the imposing exercises of the mobilization of the uniform corps of the District of Columbia Chapter, American Red Cross, which took place on Tuesday at the Masonic Temple, and while that is not a social affair it was one of the few places at which the President's wife has been seen since his illness. On this occasion she was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Bolling and Miss Bertha Bolling. Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Daniels, and Mrs. Bennett were also there, being among a large number of notable women present.

### Feather in Cap of Southern Society

Having Miss Wilson there, and "the White House box" occupied for the first time this winter, was quite a feather in the Southern Society's cap, even though it was only Miss Bolling and Mrs. Alexander Hunter Galt—two of Mrs. Wilson's sisters, who accompanied the President's daughter—who occupied it, until she was able to leave her place in the line and join them. Her gown that night was of white satin, in marked contrast to the peacock green chiffon over gold, in which she appeared earlier in the week. Nor was it so strongly classified in its lines, being, in fact, quite modern and French with its narrow skirt and rather bouffant draperies and ropes of pearls. She wore in her hair the same graceful wreath of gold leaves which she has worn on almost every one of her few appearances in evening dress this season.

It was a very big reception. The Southern Society says it sent out about 5,000 invitations, and every single one produced a guest and then some. For it is estimated that at least 6,000 came. In fact, it was a perfect mob, and dancing was a bit difficult. The General was as usual the perfect guest. He allowed himself to be escorted to a platform when he had shaken hands and smiled at the 5,000 for at least two hours, and made a graceful little speech. Then he stayed long enough for a few dances—one at least with the President's daughter and one with Elizabeth, the daughter of Col. and Mrs. E. Lester Jones.

General Pershing must have been astonished to learn through the papers that he was to be the honor guest at a dinner given by Mrs. Cromwell Brooks was giving for him on Wednesday. Mrs. Brooks says she was, and General Pershing may have been under the impression that he had a date in New York that night when Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt was entertaining for him. He returned later in the week, however, and occupied a box at the Washington Opera Company's performance of "Rigoletto" on Friday night at the Shubert-Garrick Theater.

Mrs. Brooks did give a small dinner Wednesday night, but it was merely for a few personal friends. She has not been giving any big parties this winter, but has lived very quietly up on Massachusetts avenue near Eighteenth street with her children, playing around with a few old friends. She has just recently returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury, in Florida; but perhaps you didn't recognize Mrs. Cromwell Brooks as Mrs. Walter B. Brooks, Jr., formerly of Baltimore and Green



MISS RUTH ORTON, Of Chicago, the Charming Guest of Miss Helen Blodgett, Who Is Being Extensively Entertained During Her Visit Here.

Spring Valley. She was originally Louise Cromwell, you know, and since separating from her husband has preferred to be known as Mrs. Cromwell Brooks.

Friday night at the Garrick was set aside as "Pershing night," and General Pershing's box was draped with flags, and he entertained an official party, while army folk made rather a point of being present in the other boxes and in the body of the house.

### Gives Citation To Mrs. W. H. Bayly

General Pershing, by the way, took part in rather a touching little ceremony on March 1, when on the first anniversary of her son's death he presented Mrs. William Hamilton Bayly, president of the Young Women's Christian Association here, with a citation awarded her son for exceptionally meritorious and conspicuous services in the Eightieth division in France. Lieut. William Hamilton Bayly died of influenza early last spring. Just when his mother was happy in the expectation of his speedy return. I recall what a shock

it was to me when the news came, for only the night before Mrs. Bayly, who is first vice president of the Ohio Society, had reminded Mrs. Newton Baker at one of their meetings that she and Lieutenant Bayly had been the first couple on the floor at that same meeting of the previous year, and commented proudly on his overseas service and hopefulness of his expected return. And even then, though word had not yet reached her, he had passed beyond a mother's love and pride.

To return to the official set—the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall who are ex-officio heads of the Senatorial contingent, are out of the city and not likely to return for another month. When they do, they will hardly feel like entertaining and being entertained, as they feel the loss of "little Morrison Marsh," quite as if he had been their own child. The Speaker and Mrs. Gillett are equally in mourning and out of town—in mourning for the late Senator, rather diversely out of town, the Speaker having gone South to get himself pulled together after a hard winter, and a touch of influenza, and Mrs. Gillett being in New England, where she has been much of the winter.

The Lansings are back, much rested and refreshed by a couple of weeks at Sea Breeze, Fla.—but no longer official, and apparently rather

relieved, although society is loath to let them. Mrs. Lansing was at least one performance of "I Pagliacci" early in the week, and she was in General and Mrs. Crozier's box at the Philadelphia Orchestra concert on Tuesday afternoon. Also she was very much in evidence at the brilliant luncheon that the Y. W. C. A. gave in honor of Mrs. James S. Cushman, of New York, the national vice president of the organization on Thursday. Mrs. Lansing has been for years general secretary of the Y. W. C. A. and is one of the leaders of the local association's "drive" this coming week.

### Only Two Cabinet Ladies "At Home"

The only two of the cabinet who were at home on Wednesday were Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Meredith. Mrs. Baker has been at home informally every Wednesday, all through Lent, just as she was during the season. Mrs. Meredith is rather taking advantage of a time when things are relatively quiet to get acquainted and learn the ropes. She went up to New York for a few days after her last reception, but she returned on Sunday, and had with them for several days Mr. and Mrs. James Hall, of Chicago. Mrs. Meredith is receiving for the last time this season on Wednesday, from 4 to 6 o'clock, and Mrs. Hall will receive with her.

Mrs. Lane and Nancy were still in

asked for the reception which is to follow. Mr. Huntington has recently been appointed commercial attache of the American Embassy at Paris, and on the completion of a short wedding trip he and his bride will sail for France. Ruth Lerner will be her maid of honor, but I haven't learned as yet whether or not she will have other attendants.

But the wedding in which society in Washington is perhaps most generally interested is that Miss Lane's. Mrs. Lane was a cabinet bud, making her debut during the season just past, and narrowly missed being a cabinet bride, her father's resignation from the post of Secretary of the Interior taking place some six weeks before the date selected for her wedding. Socially Secretary and Mrs. Lane were perhaps the most popular members of the cabinet, their circle of friends embracing the leaders of the diplomatic contingent and the very cream of resident society in addition to the official set with which they were perforce affiliated. Their daughter has fallen heir to much of their popularity and has made herself very genuinely popular on her own account by her charm, her beauty, her intelligence, and her very genuine simplicity and unaffectedness. Mr. Kauffmann, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor Kauffmann, also has a host of friends.

Miss Lane has decided upon a big wedding, with bridesmaids, ushers and all the "fixins." And she will have among her attendants several of the girls who made their debut with her last winter. A reception will follow the ceremony. Mr. Kauffmann and his bride will make their home in Washington—a source of great satisfaction since it means not only that the Capital is not to lose one of its most popular girls, but that Mr. and Mrs. Lane, who are henceforth to

## Fancies, Fads, And Foibles of Capital Society

make their headquarters in New York, will have an anchor to windward here.

### Grinnell-Abbott Wedding at St. Johns

Miss Grinnell and Commander Abbott have also selected "historic St. John's" for their marriage, which will take place at noon on April 24, with a breakfast to follow at the home of her grandparents, Brig. Gen. and Mrs. Oswald Ernst. The old church, which has been hallowed by half the fashionable weddings in Washington in the last fifty years, has recently been remodeled and redecorated by the late Mrs. John Barton Payne, wife of Judge Payne, who has succeeded Mr. Lane as Secretary of the Interior.

Miss Grinnell, who made her debut in Washington two winters ago, and is recognized as a beauty and a belle, is the daughter of Mr. William Morton Grinnell and she and her mother live with General Ernst what time they are in Washington. They have a summer home in Southampton, L. I. Commander Abbott is the son of the late Grafton Abbott, of Boston. He is at present on duty in Washington, and he and his bride will make their home here for a year or more after their marriage.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)



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